



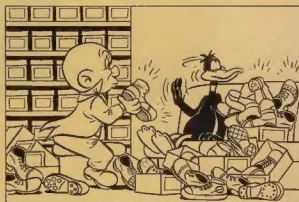
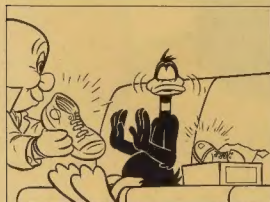
APRIL-JUNE

Daffy Duck

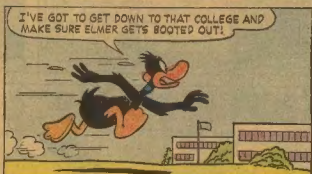


DAFFY DUCK

SURE FIT



DAFFY DUCK COLLEGE CAMPUS CAPER



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Soon...

GOOD AFTERNOON, STUDENTS! WELCOME TO THE FIRST MEETING OF THE FIRST-AID CLASS! I'LL NOW CALL THE ROLL!



JED RUSTIN!

OLLIE TWEET!
ELMER FUDD!

HERE!

PWESENT!



DAFFY DUCK!

LIKE, HERE, TEACH!
WOO WOO!



GRRR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO
KNOW EACH OTHER! I'LL ASSIGN
YOU TO YOUR FIRST
PROJECT TOGETHER!



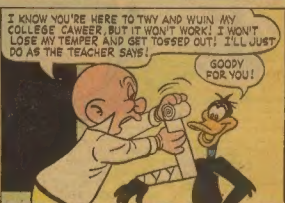
MAKE A SPLINT FOR A SIMPLE FRACTURE
ON HIS ARM! FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS IN
THIS BOOK!

YES,
SIR!



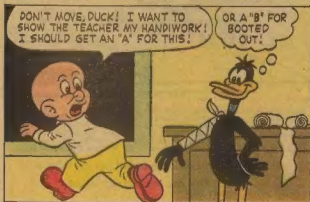
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE TO TWY AND WUIN MY
COLLEGE CAWEER, BUT IT WON'T WORK! I WON'T
LOSE MY TEMPER AND GET TOSSED OUT! I'LL JUST
DO AS THE TEACHER SAYS!

GOODY
FOR YOU!

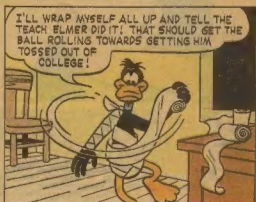


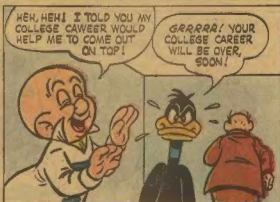
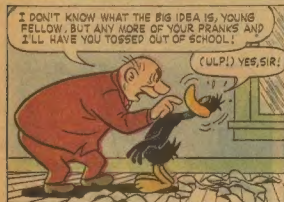
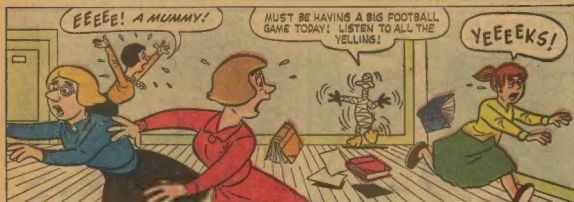
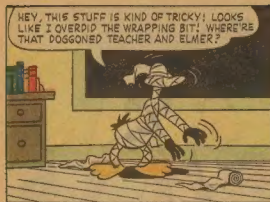
DON'T MOVE, DUCK! I WANT TO
SHOW THE TEACHER MY HANDIWORK!
I SHOULD GET AN 'A' FOR THIS!

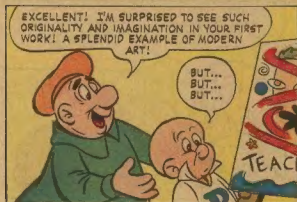
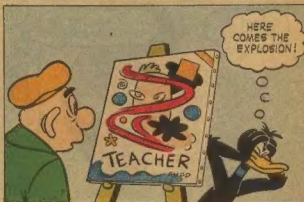
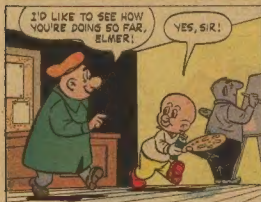
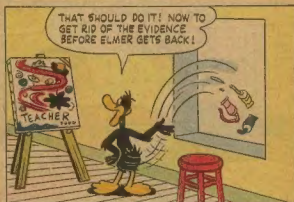
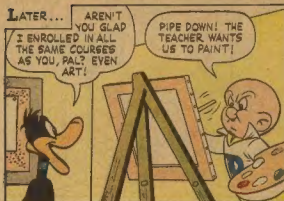
OR A "B" FOR
BOOTED
OUT!

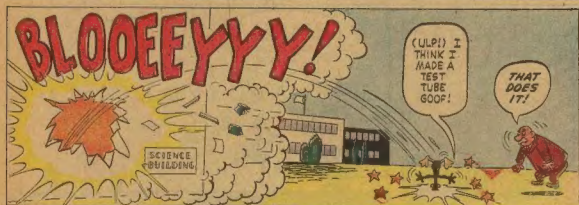
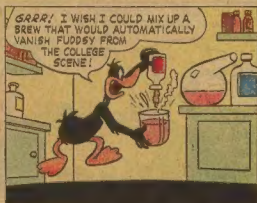
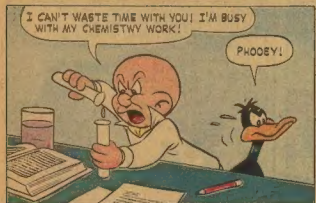
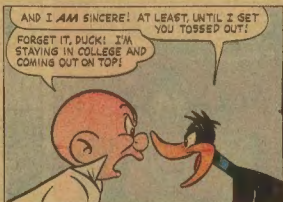
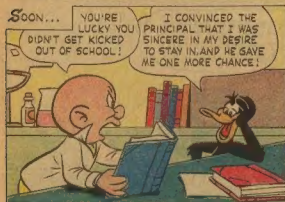


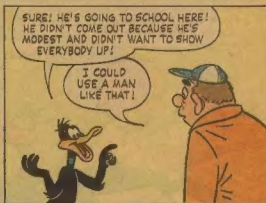
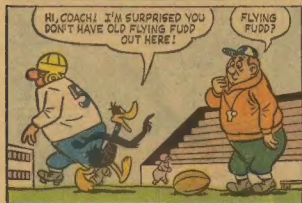
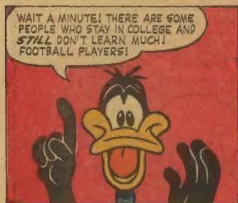
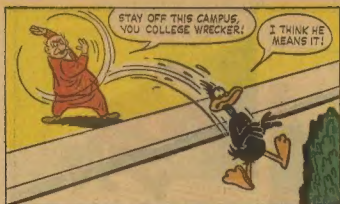
I'LL WRAP MYSELF ALL UP AND TELL THE
TEACH ELMER DID IT! THAT SHOULD GET THE
BALL ROLLING TOWARDS GETTING HIM
TOSSED OUT OF
COLLEGE!

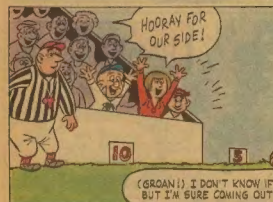
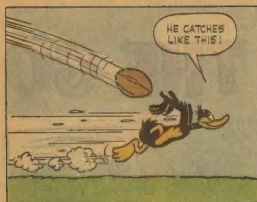




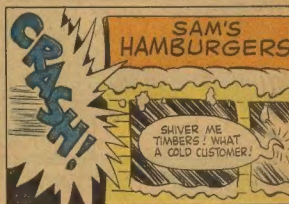
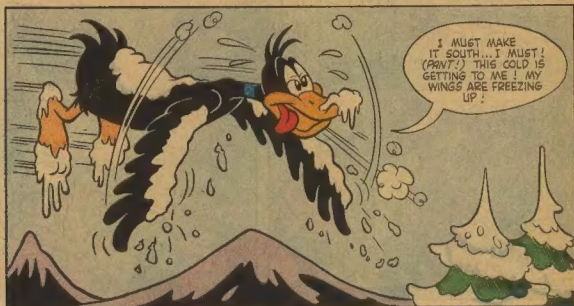


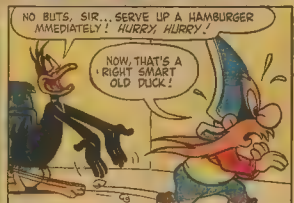
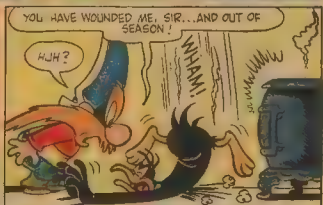
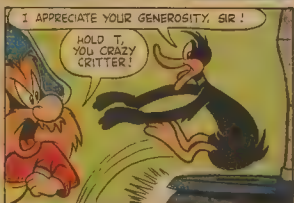
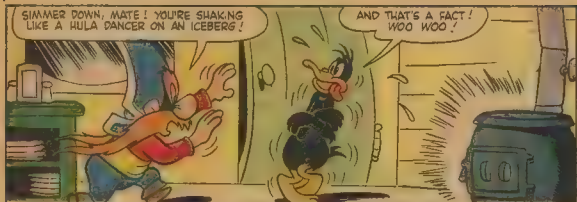






DAFFY DUCK ON THE GO





SOON...

THERE YOU GO, DUCK!
ESPECIALLY PREPARED

I KNEW WE
COULD SETTLE
THIS OUT OF
COURT!

(CRUNCH, CRUNCH!) HMM!
WHAT KIND OF BURGER IS THIS?
(CRUNCH!)

IT'S A BIRDEED
BURGER!

BIRDEED?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY... I RAN
OUT OF BIRDEED SO I USED
BUCKSHOT!

ACH! UGH!
AAAAAARGH!

(COUGH! COUGH!)...

BANG!

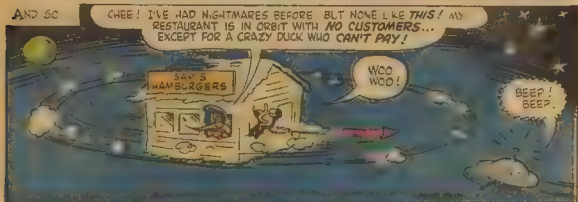
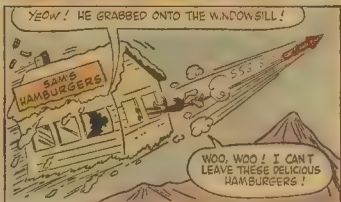
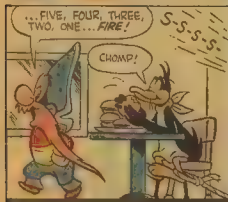
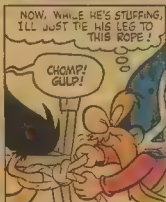
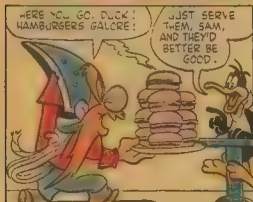
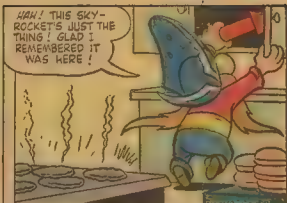
GREAT SCOTT!
HE BACKFIRED!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, DUCK! YOU WIN -
ONE HAMBURGER COMING UP.

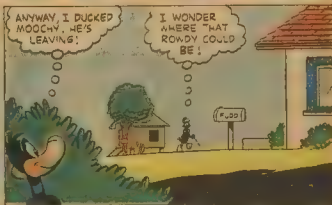
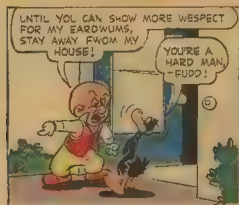
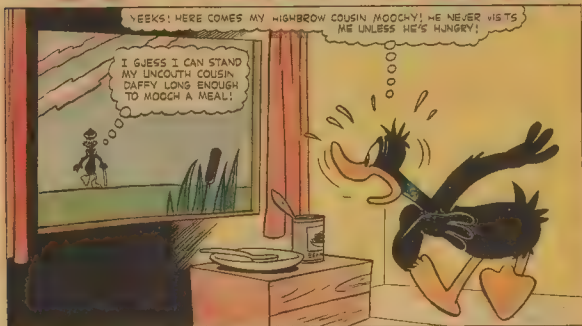
THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT!

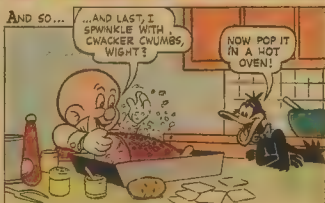
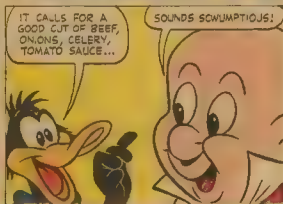
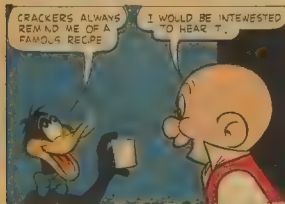
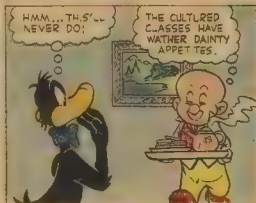
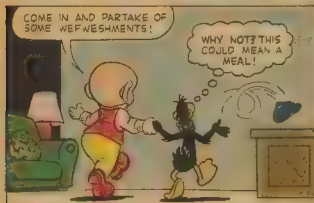
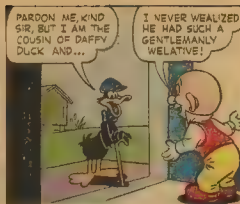
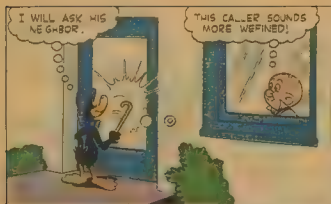
UH, BETTER MAKE THAT
TEN BURGERS, SAM.
WOO WOO! I'M HUNGRY!

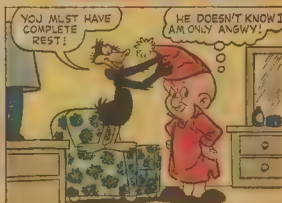
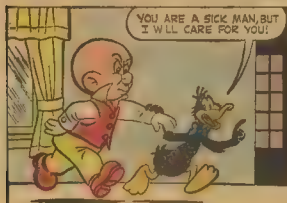
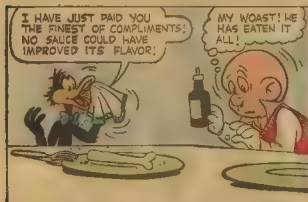
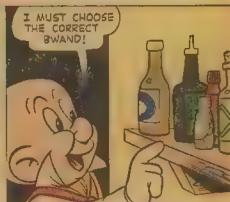
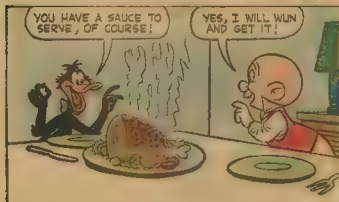
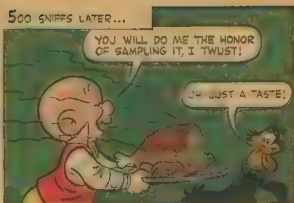
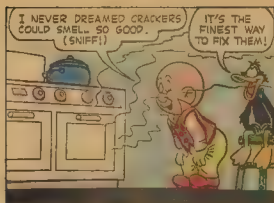
YES,
SIR!

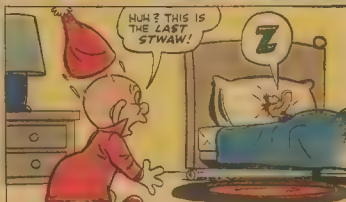
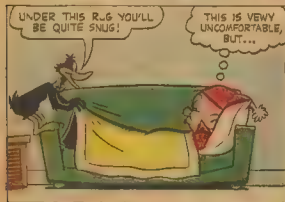
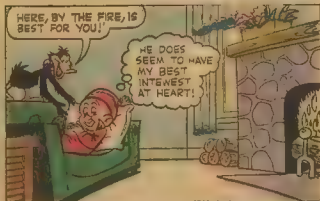


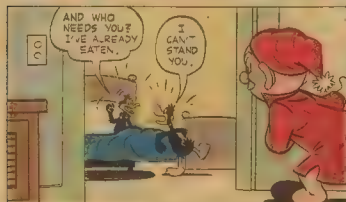
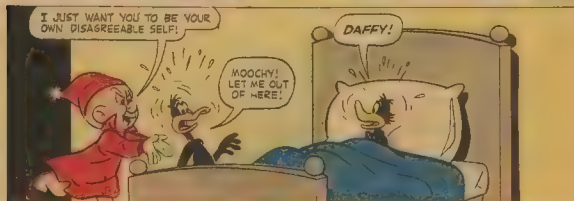
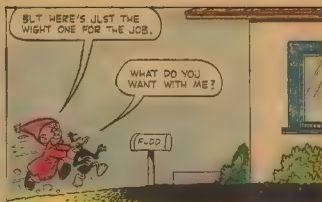
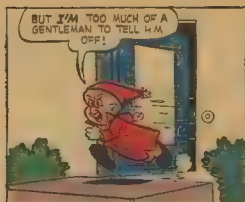
DAFFY DUCK TOO MANY DUCKS

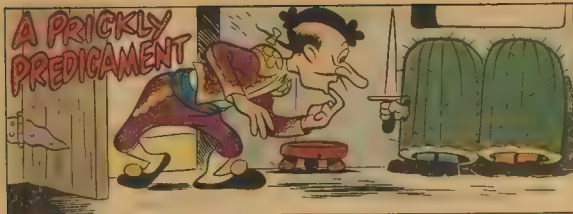












"Hurry, Pancho," puffed Pepe, as the two boys ran down the dusty path, "or we weel miss the beginning of your papa's surprise birthday party."

"I hope Papacito likes my present," exclaimed Pancho Vanilla, pointing to the wrapped gift. "Eet took many pesos to buy heem this new malador sword."

For many weeks Mamacito, Pancho, and the neighbors had been planning a surprise birthday party for Papacito Vanilla. At last the day arrived, and it came almost too soon, for Pancho had just that day saved enough money to buy his father's gift.

"Look!" Pancho cried with fear. "Look down the path. A bool ees loose!"

A big, fierce bull was standing in the middle of the path, and when he saw the boys he quickly charged toward them.

"What can we do, Pancho?" cried Pepe. "We have no place to hide!"

"Queek," shouted Pancho, "let's jump into the middle of that cactus patch."

With the bull close on their heels, the frightened boys leaped into the center of the doughnut-shaped ring of cactus.

"At least the bool won't come in here," sighed Pancho, as he realized that they were surrounded by a wall of thorny cactus.

"How can we get OUT?" wailed Pepe. "In here, we do not have enough room to run and jump over the cactus. Besides, that bool ees waiting for us to come out."

"Eet looks like we're stuck, all right," Pancho admitted sadly.

"Any way we move in this cactus patch we get stuck," Pepe moaned. "I've heard of a needle in a haystack; but with all this cactus around, I feel like a piece of hay in a needle

stack! And, I don't like eet!"

"We weel be late for my Papacito's surprise party," lamented Pancho.

Suddenly, Pancho remembered the gift he had bought for his father.

"We can cut our way through the cactus wall with Papacito's sword," cried Pancho, as he unwrapped the gift.

"Eet weel not work," Pepe retorted. "The bool can also get in if you do that."

"There's more to my idea," explained Pancho. "That bool won't hurt us."

Pancho began cutting down the cactus according to his plan for escape.

Later, Papacito was surprised when he walked into his house and saw two short, fat cactus, which seemed to be wearing shoes, standing beside the doorway.

"Cactus wearing shoes?" gasped Papacito.

"No, we are wearing cactus," giggled Pancho and Pepe, as they slipped the cactus over their heads, pulling them off like big thorny sweaters.

"We hollowed them out with a sword, and we wore them for armor so a bool could not get us," explained Pancho.

The neighbors came from hiding, and Papacito's surprise birthday party began.

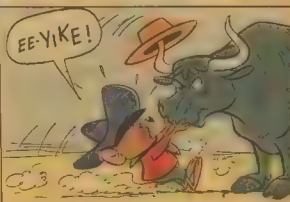
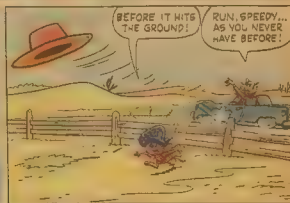
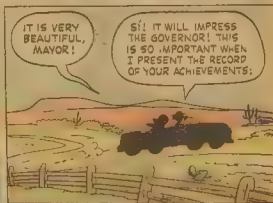
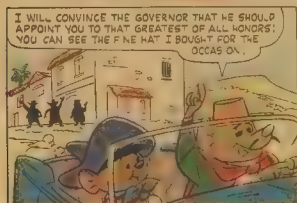
"Of all the gifts I received," Papacito said later, "Pancho and Pepe's gift was the most practical of all... an idea!"

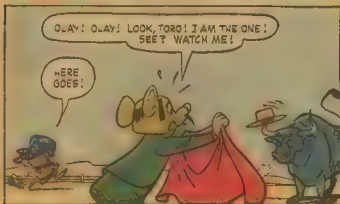
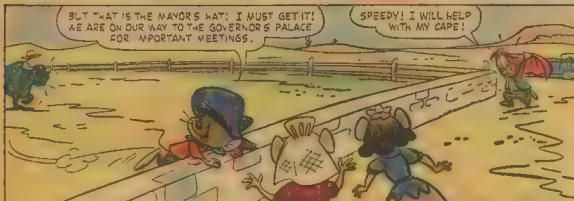
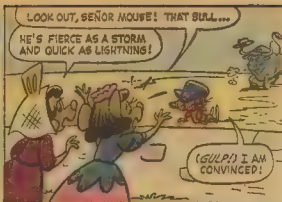
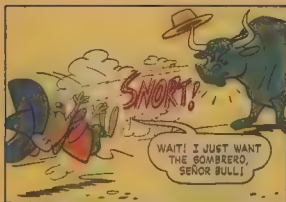
Everyone giggled as Papacito Vanilla pointed to the two hollow cactus.

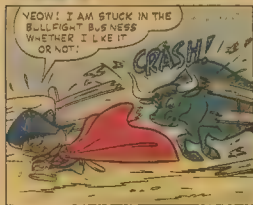
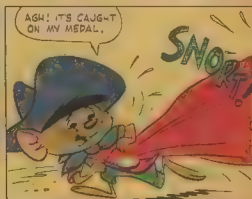
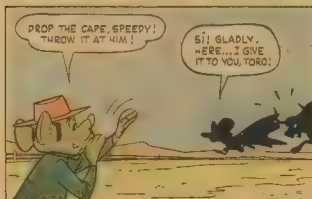
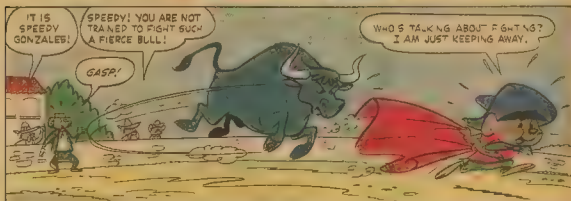
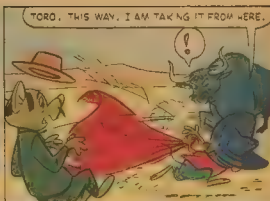
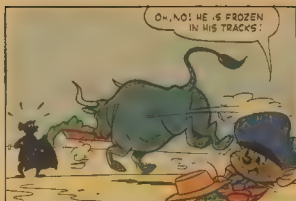
"I think I'll hollow out a cactus to fit me," laughed Papacito.

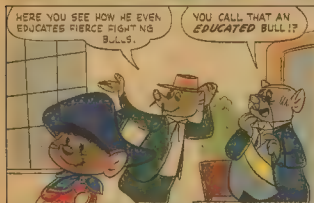
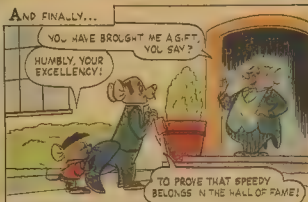
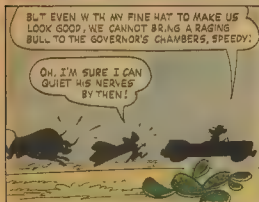
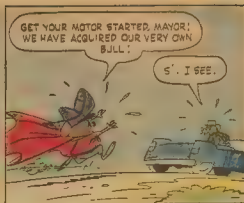
"But why?" Pancho questioned.

"What better protection could I have when I fight with the fierce bools," chuckled Papacito, "than a thorny cactus armor?"

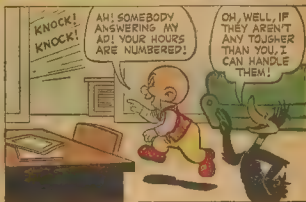
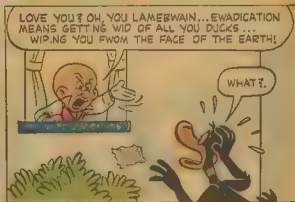
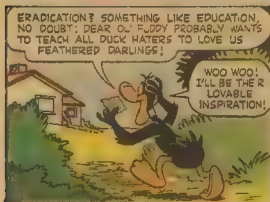
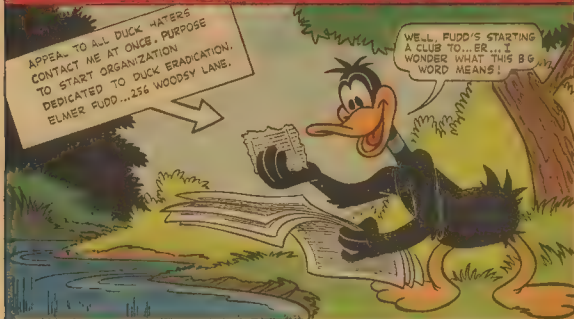


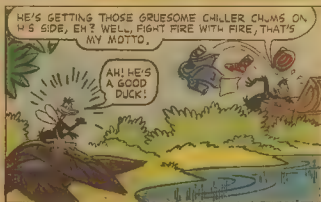
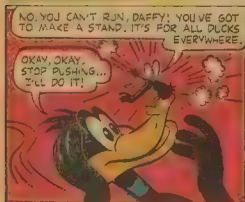
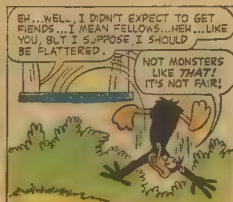
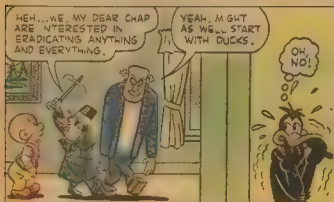
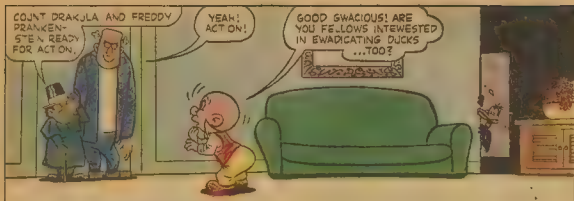


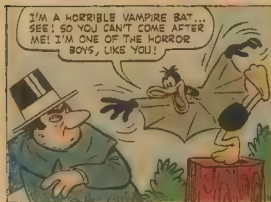
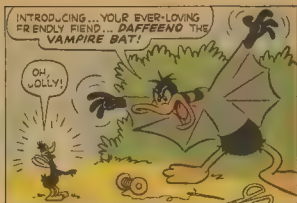


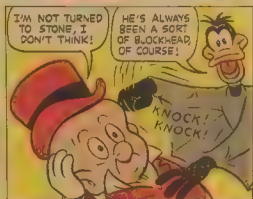
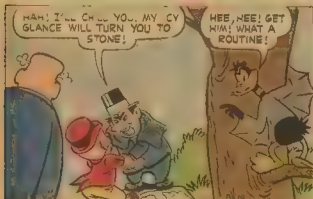
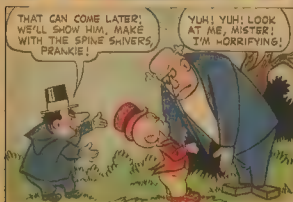
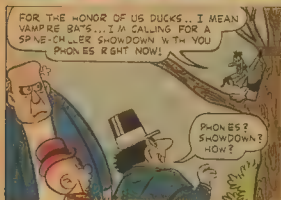


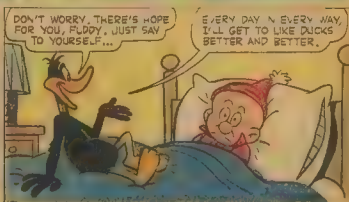
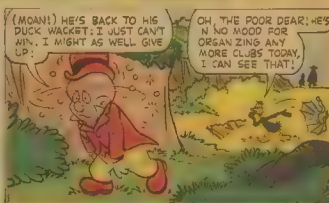
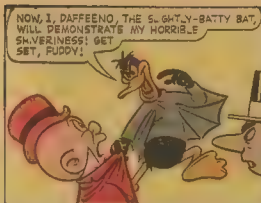
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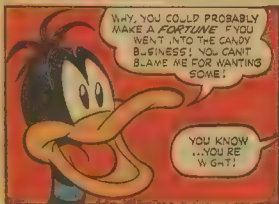
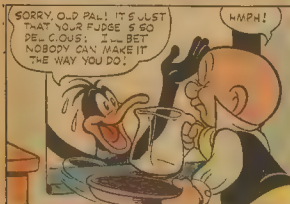
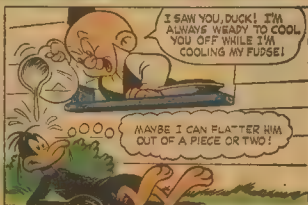
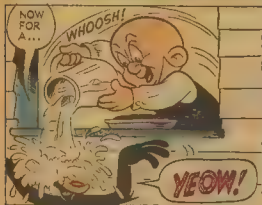
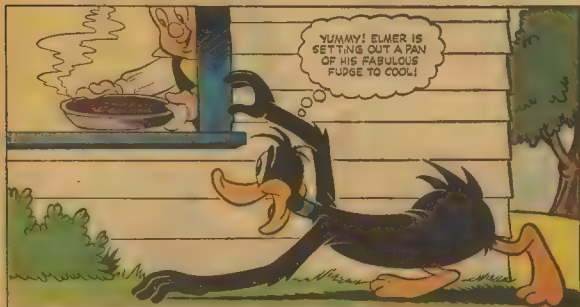


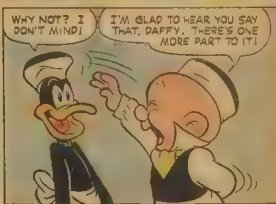
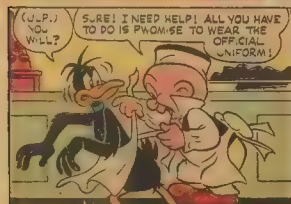
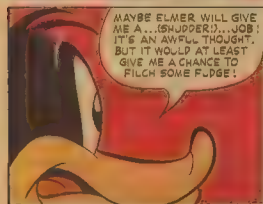
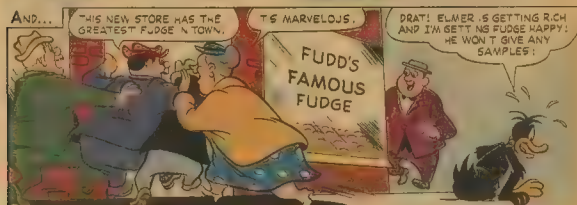
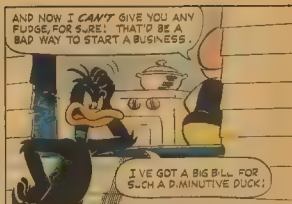
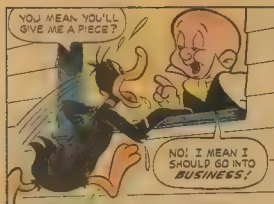


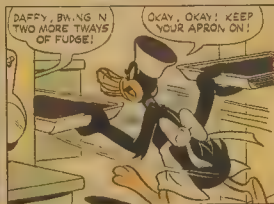
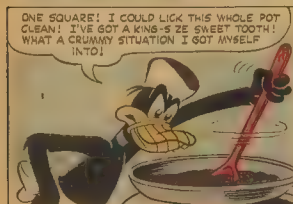
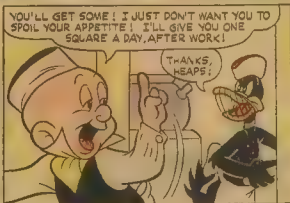
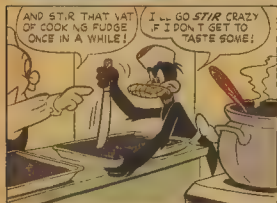
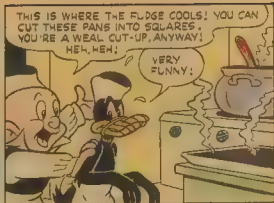
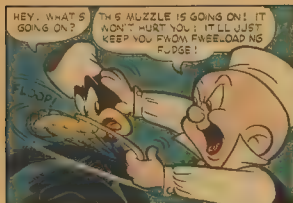


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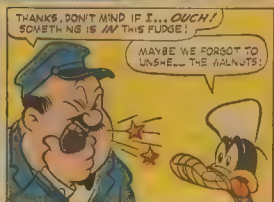
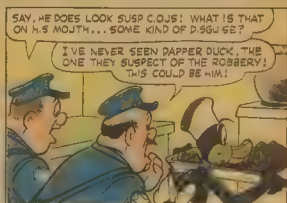
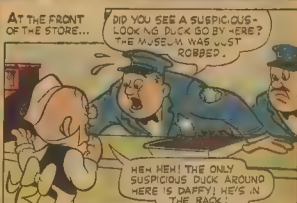
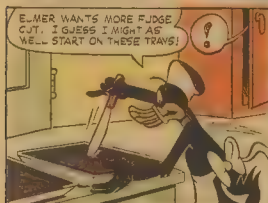
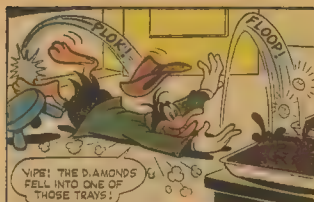


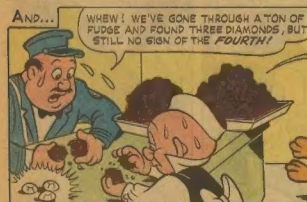
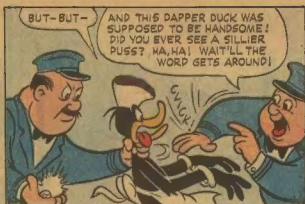




MEANWHILE, IN THE ALLEY OUTSIDE ELMER'S SHOP, DAPPER DUCK IS TRYING TO ELUDE THE LAW...







STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1950 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Daffy Duck published quarterly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities

are: None.

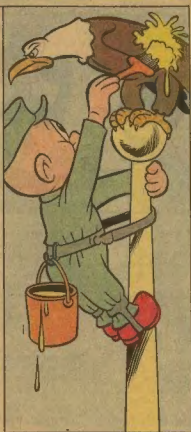
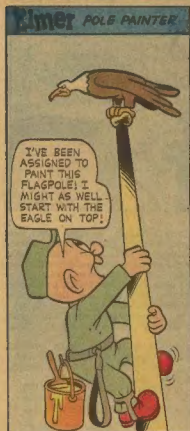
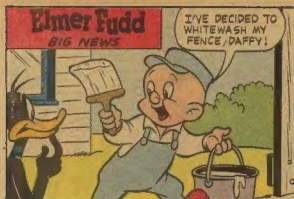
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 367,797.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

(Seal) JOHN C. WEBER
(My commission expires March 30, 1962)



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